

61

Eyg. Poetry vol. 8.

# DÆNEIDS,

O R

The Noble Labours of the Great Dean

O F

# Notre-Dame

I N

# P A R I S,

For the Erecting in his Quire a Throne for his  
Glory, and the Eclipsing the Pride of an  
Imperious, Usurping Chanter.

An Heroique P O E M in Four Canto's.

Containing a true History, and shews the Folly, Foppery,  
Luxury, Laziness, Pride, Ambition, and Contention of  
the Romish Clergy.

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to the author of the original manuscript. The author's name is given as "John G. Whipple" and the date as "1850".

The manuscript is dated "1850" and is written in cursive script.



To the Right Honourable  
J O H N  
Earl of MULGRAVE, &c.  
Knight of the most Honourable  
Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

I Have long been ashamed to see so many of my Writings march into the World, and yet not one of 'em Honour'd by Your Lordships Patronage. It is an easie matter for a Troop to force themselves on Ladies and Neutral Gentlemen, or Nobility, who will not Arm; but they must be Men of some Merit and Gallantry who compel regard from a General. Your Lordship is as much above us in our own Ways, as you are in other Respects; and I give this manifest proof of it, Your Fortune, and, most Men believe, Your Inclinations, fixes You on the top of Ease and Pleasure, therefore you wou'd

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

wou'd never have written one Line, if it had cost you any pains, yet have you perform'd Masteries, which we who make Poetry the whole + Business of our Lives, cou'd never equal. In Your Essay on Poetry there appears to me a Commanding Genius, standing on a Rise, o're-looking the Age You live in, seeing all the Writers in it marching below You, and too often disorderly ; and You give us those Orders which plainly shew, Poetry attends on You, You may do what You please with it, but we compare d with Your Lordship, are poor drudges to it, that have oftner the Will, than the Power to do well. Your Lordship has not only a perfect Understanding of what is fit to pass in the World, but You are of a severe Temper which will not give Your Pass to any false Sence, the absence therefore of Your Name from my Writings seems a silent Charge against me of want of Merit. To remove that Reproach, I take this occasion to tell the World, Your Lordship has approv'd of some of my Writings ; and I have long'd to make my brags of it, but have been hinder'd either by the unkindness of Fortune, which has given me some blow, and made me unfit to appear before You, or by the kindness of some Generous Persons, by which my Writings have been in a manner Morgag'd. Though the Law of the Land does not reckon Favours freely bestowed among Debts, the Law of Gratitude does ; whenever a Man is oblig'd a Judgment is enter'd against him.

In

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

In the late Reign when Your Lordship grac'd the Lord Chamberlains Office, You were pleas'd to shew me those Regards which made me vain: And I was very desirous to make it known to the World; but the Cloudiness of those Times, got I think into my Head, I did not Write so well as I have done formerly. Now I venture before Your Lordship, because I bring an Acquaintance of Yours, I am sure You value, Mr. Boileau; and a piece of his all Men of Sence have esteem'd, because it exposes to contempt Men, who are the Antipodes to good Sence; Priests who advance Nonsense above Reason, make Trifles of the most Solemn Matters, and Solemn Things of Trifles; are idle in the great Affairs of their Calling, and busie in Impertinence. By the few we have had amongst us, of such kind of Churchmen we may guess the misery of people who live in the Roman Church, where there are scarce any other; where the whole Mass of Priesthood is a heap of proud Flesh, and all the Strength and Nutriment of a Nation, goes to feed Ecclesiastical Corruption; thanks be to God, we are in a condition to make sport with 'em, if e're they come amongst us, they will spoil the fest. And past dispute 'tis very fit to render Men contemptible who endeavour to make Religion so. We have had too many in our Church who have busied themselves, and embroil'd others about things, which the French have had the understanding to know  
were

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

were only fit for a Droll. But now we have greater Affairs on our Hand. We have not time to contend for Modes in Religion, when the Being of the Protestant Religion, and indeed the English Nation lies at stake. In a Calm at Sea Men may have leisure to wrangle at Chess; but if a Storm rises the quarrel's at an end, and the Bishops, Knights, Rooks and Pawns that bred it are left to shift for themselves. I am well assured the Lutrin pleases Your Lordship, but I may doubt of my Management of it; for I treat it as an English Privateer wou'd do a French Prize, great part of it, I fling away, and I dash-brew and disguise the rest as I think good. I shall not value how the World censures me, if I have the good Fortune to be approv'd of by Your Lordship, and thought worthy of the Title of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble  
and Obliged Servant,

John Crowne.

DÆNEIDS,

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# DÆNEIDS OR The Noble Labours of the Great Dean OF Notre-Dame IN P A R I S,

For the Erecting in his Quire a Throne for his  
Glory, and the Eclipsing the Pride of an  
Imperious, Usurping Chanter, &c.

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## Canto the First.

---

I Sing of Angels, not the Heavenly Quire,  
Who Peace and Truth, and Harmony inspire.  
Hoarse Brazen Trumpet-like is my rough Voice,  
Jarring Church-Angels therefore are my choice.

In mighty *Paris* two great Spirits Reiga'd,  
 Where one with ease cou'd not be well contain'd.  
 They strove, and from am' dreadful Thunders broke,  
 Which made great *Notre-Dame* both shake and smoke ;  
 And ere the almost falling Church cou'd fix,  
 Strange Janglings made amogg Church-candlesticks.  
 Of all the Priests that Wealthy *Dome* supplyed  
 With Laziness, with Luxury and Pride,  
 None deeper sunk, or firmer remain'd  
 In Peace and Fat, than he who o're it reign'd,  
 The Dean ; a solid Priest in Flesh and Bone,  
 He like a sleepy Bowler trundled on  
 Along all Times, and gather'd as he roll'd  
 A heavy heap of fat and clammy Mold.  
 He never knew when Changes went or came,  
 All Times, Faiths, Oaths, appear'd to him the same.  
 He had no Palate but for Meats and Wine,  
 In those he was a Learn'd profound Divine ;  
 And to those Studies kept so close and hard,  
 To his Cathedral he paid small regard,  
 Mean while a haughty Melancholly Sover,  
 O'd busie snarling Chanter step'd in Power.  
 Chief of the Chanters there, he was by right,  
 But not contented with that Noble Height,  
 Usurp'd the Deans Supremacy, and more,  
 Took high Prerogatives unknown before,

As scorning Power only at second Hand ;  
 And terrible he was in his command ;  
 He made the Singers shake more than in Song,  
 This fierce Usurper Rul'd in quiet long,  
 Obey'd, fear'd, honour'd, Church Affairs went on,  
 In a profound still current cross'd by none.  
 At length the Dean from his long slumbers woke,  
 Burst through his Cloud, and Church repose he broke,  
 He saw his Reverence and State were gone,  
 And gallantly resolv'd to seize his own ;  
 Nay his Prelatiue Legal Pomp advance  
 On the intruding Chanters arrogance.  
 The great Soul'd Chanter having proudly Reign'd,  
 Submission scorn'd, and Usurp'd State maintain'd.  
 By his Devotion to Pomp, Power and Pride,  
 He won the Zealous Canons to his side ;  
 Who skill'd in causes of that mighty weight,  
 Lent him their aid by many a loud debate :  
 So of old Pagan Prelates madly strove  
 The Moons Eclipse by noises to remove.  
 Pagans beat Dishes, Pans and Platters hard,  
 Our Priests no clattering in Quotations spar'd.  
 What Devil envious of Church repose,  
 These Fire-balls into holy Bosoms throws,  
 And turns the Church to a disorder'd Rout ?  
 How can such fury enter Souls devout ?

Stand off, Atheistlike Wits, and Scoffers vain,  
 Do not my Grave and Solemn Song profane ?  
 Great *Notre-Dame*, the high and stately Scene  
 Of our ensuing Story, long had been  
 Adorn'd and blest with many a deep Divine,  
 Not deep in Arts, but in Down-beds and Wine.  
 Their great Devotion doubly they exprest ;  
 In Church by Pomp, at home by Heavenly Rest.  
 It grac'd their Masters Service to maintain  
 In ease themselves, his Fav'rite Gentlemen.  
 On their soft Beds the Morn they dos'd away,  
 And left the Quire the drudgery to pray ;  
 And to Rich lofty Cushions to supply  
 Their Rooms i' Church, and raise Gods Honour high.  
 God was well serv'd, though Priests were never there ;  
 Bright Residentiaries the Cushions were.  
 The Holy Men eat, drunk and slept with Zeal,  
 For Heavens honour, and the Churches weal ;  
 Kept from themselves all Sacrilegious toil ;  
 True to their Fat they were, as Rhemes to Oil,  
 To anoint Gallique Kings an Angel brought  
 Much Unctuous Fat God sent his Holy Lot,  
 Our pious Canons, which to keep from waste  
 Careful they were, not to preach, pray or fast ;  
 Or only fast to give themselves a whet,  
 So when they charg'd, the Rout was dreadful Great.

Sometimes

Sometimes shole halling Sermons from 'em stream'd;  
 But Ah! so gently, when they preach'd they seem'd  
 Like *Halcyons* brooding o're, a flumbring Wave,  
 To the Cathedral peaceful calms they gave.  
 No croaking Preacher, spoil'd with tedious din,  
 Good *Sunday Dinners*, or sweet weekly Sin.  
 No noise was there but of Harmonious sound,  
 Division there only in Song was found.  
 When horrid Discord rear'd her snaky Head,  
 To see who entertain'd, a calm so dead,  
 So loath'd by her. Her Empire she surveigh'd,  
 And found her will, by Millions was obey'd.  
 Gladly she saw in each well govern'd State  
 The Law, with formal Pomp support debate.  
 But Churches highly pleas'd her Ear and Eye,  
 She saw all Churches set her Honour high.  
 Yet our Cathedral only in Musique loud,  
 Lodg'd Peace in scorn of Discord and her crowd.  
 Discord in Rage pearched on the lofty Dome,  
 And from her Mouth she Rain'd a poysonous foam  
 Which crack'd the Glass; Martyr'd the Apostles there;  
 Then with a sigh, which made Trees shed their Hair,  
 Foul'd the Church-plate, that all its splendors died.  
 Like Men in Damps, she vented thus her pride.  
 How dar'it thou, proud Cathedral, Friendship shew  
 To peace, (said she) my known, and vanquish'd Foe,

Which

Which round the World I've turn'd? Where has the rest?  
 In one fair Realm I have scarce one single Breast.  
 How often there in the same person Fight,  
 Whig, Tory, *Williamite*, and *Jacobe*.  
 Who have by turns the better of the fray;  
 As French or Irish get or lose the day;  
 Or as the hands of their good *Moses* rise,  
 Well to reward, or sharply to chaste.  
 I've made my self a Barricado strong,  
 Of stiff Non-swearers, a most stubborn throng,  
 Who by no Art to yield can be compell'd,  
 And grow more hard like Trees, by being fell'd.  
 Nay even some Swearers to advance my Reign,  
 The Crown secur'd by Law unfix again;  
 Carve Power by Conquest which is carv'd by Law,  
 Some Swearers against these keen Weapons draw  
 Between 'em Peace and Truth, lead wretched Lives,  
 These Fighters wound 'em with their Carving-knives.  
 Me above Church and State all Nations set,  
 And dares one Church neglect a Power so great?  
 Wees for thee this provoking Crime provides,  
 Streighther enormous Figure Discord hides  
 With a square Cap, a Surplice, Hood and Gown;  
 Nor from an old Sour Canon could be known.  
 Most true to Discord; he wag'd endless War  
 With Peace, in Pulpits, at the Bar,

All Bars of Civil and of Canon Laws,  
 To Law he went, with or without a cause,  
 With Suits at Law all his Tythe-corn he ground,  
 Ay, and himself, and all his Neighbours round.  
 He would not spare his Purse, Brain, Flesh or Bone,  
 To stir the clack of Lawyers and his own,  
 Discord and wrangling highly to promote,  
 He rail'd, he sued, he studied, and he wrote ;  
 Toil'd unlike God, from light he darkness spun,  
 Worlds by this Anti-Maker were undone.  
 He preach'd for malice, in the Pulpit boil'd,  
 Till Dinners and Devotions both were spoil'd.  
 When his thin Flock by Winter Winds were Flead,  
 To gaul the Sore he'd a long Service Read,  
 Then far above his Hour in Pulpit Rail.  
 Then tack an Altar Service to the Tail,  
 Till all their Meat was burnit, and Noses Raw,  
 To provoke some to give him Food for Law and violence  
 Dissent, assent, his Durndrain or gay,  
 (Though not to Heaven) to Court's the certain way.  
 By this good Guide all they were sure to find,  
 Who conform'd not in all things to his mind :  
 If pious Reverence they forgot to shew  
 To Akers, and his Person by a bow ;  
 And did not Service so exactly mark,  
 To start at all Responses with the Clerk,

To pour their Voices in the muttering throat,  
 And help to push the murmuring Stream along,  
 If they nick'd not their times to kneel and rise,  
 And on these faults his Spectacles were spied.  
 But woe to Hugonots remote or nigh,  
 From his hot busie Zeal, and watchful Eye,  
 Proctors and Paritours had wealthy spoil,  
 And Constables an Everlasting toil.  
 Baptismal Water, Sacramental Wine  
 Cast away much of the Reformers Coin.  
 Basons and Bowles not blest with legal forms  
 Were sure to meet with most confounding storms.  
 Discord had chose this Canon for her own,  
 And therefore mark'd his Brow with many a frown,  
 His lean Cheeks wrangled, all the wrinkles clash'd,  
 Whene're they met, and deep his Vifage slash'd.  
 Therefore his Figure Discord wisely wore,  
 For none cou'd fit her better, please her more.

Canto

## Canto the Second.

**T**O the Deans Palace stormy Discord steer'd,  
And finds the bulky Prelate Sepulcher'd  
In an Alcove and down ; in hopes at last  
Of joyful Resurrection to Repast.  
In his fair spreading Cheeks, the Churches charge  
Had rais'd a Garden beautiful and large ;  
And in two stories built his goodly Chin,  
To let these run to Ruin were a Sin.  
The Holy Man did no Expences spare,  
To keep 'em faithfully in good Repair ;  
And every part about him fat and sound,  
For they were Church Demeans and holy Ground.  
Rich Curtains gave his flumbers strong defence,  
Against Day's Sacrilegious violence.  
Soft Pillows hid his Cheeks, and let no Air  
Approach to harm the lively Flowers there :  
For Youth's Spring Flowers in his Autumn grew,  
Those Cheeks possessing which were Ages due.  
All things in order were for Dinner laid,  
When the great Goddess her proud Entry made.  
The exact order highly pleas'd her Eye ;  
She knew the Church by scrupulous decency.  
In all the joys of Silence, Ease and Pride,  
And with a Breakfast strongly fortified,

The Dean attending **Dinner** Slumb'ring lay ;  
When thus the Goddess drove his Rest away.  
Wake quickly Dean, said she, or wake no more ;  
A Chanter haughtily usurps thy Power,  
Shines in the Quire with thy Prelatique Grace,  
And awes it with the same commanding Face.  
All Bows of Singers are to him address'd ;  
All Congregations by his Mouth are blest ;  
He graces all the Saints High Solemn days,  
When to oblige 'em he in person prays.  
Shortly he'll Youth Confirm, and Priests Ordain,  
And scarce to thee thy Rochet shall remain.  
Renounce thy Prelacy, or thy Repose,  
Thy Fortune dooms thee one of 'em to lose.  
This said, she breaths into him, through his Ear,  
The Spirit of a common Barreter.  
He wakes and yawns, and with half-opened Eyes,  
Gives the dire Fiend his Blessing as he flies ;  
Then like a raging Bull with Horns stung  
Around the Chamber his Fat Body slung ;  
Chid Maids and Lacqueys, why he did not know,  
And before **Dinner** to the Quire will go.  
But his wife Steward much allay'd his Rage,  
By Councils Seasonable, Calm and Sage,  
What Fury's this ( said he ) has seiz'd your mind,  
And hurries you to Church e're you ha' Dine'd ?

Oft

Oft have you left the work of saving Souls,  
 To sport some Hours at Tables, Chess or Bowls,  
 But for the Church ne're Dinner left till now ;  
 The Dresser-board is ready for the blow.  
 Your Cook now foams, and so does your Pottage,  
 With your Judicious Palate to engage.  
 And if your Rost-meats you compel to stay,  
 Sir, they will weep their Gravy all away.  
 Your Haut-gousts now most vigorous and strong,  
 Will sicken if in cold they tarry long ;  
 And never be reviv'd by second heat,  
 Sir, if you go, you'll Murder all your Meat.  
 It is not Lent ; say 'twere, it seems a waste  
 Of Holiness in Holy Men to Fast.  
 Your Tongues and Pens support Church Rites and Laws,  
 What need y'engage your Bowels in the Castle ?  
 Sure 'twas the Churches Motherly intent  
 Lent should keep Prelates, and not Prelates Lent.  
 Religiously support your high degree,  
 Do not by toil debase your Dignity.  
 This said, he wisely cover'd all the Cloth  
 With Crowds of Dishes, and a Tyde of Broth.  
 Much on the pious Dean this Vision wrought ;  
 His Cloth a while St. Peter's Sheet he thought,  
 A Treat let down from Heaven in a Dream,  
 Till his pleas'd nostrils felt th' inviting Steam.

Then fiercely he applyed himself to eat,  
 Prov'd it was more than Visionary Meat.  
 Fast o're the Tongue he turn'd his Morsels all,  
 Like Morning Collects at a Festival ;  
 Eat till he choak'd himself, but not his wroth,  
 He champ'd his Words and Meat confus'dly both.  
 He skipt from Dish to Dish, he knew not why,  
 No order minded, nor sweet decency.  
 The Steward thought his Masters end was near,  
 He knew not Creatures which he lov'd so dear ;  
 And in great sorrow was about to run  
 To summon Friends ; but Fame that work had done.  
 They scatt'ring came like Troops of daunted Cranes,  
 When the proud Pigmy a recruit obtains.  
 The Visit rais'd the Prelate from Despair,  
 Chac'd from his Visage the late furious Air.  
 So pleas'd he was with the respect they shew'd,  
 That he vouchsaf'd to rise, nay more, he bow'd :  
 Commanded the *Westphalia-Ham* again,  
 Fill'd Wine himself to honour the good Men,  
 Drunk first and deeply, the Example pleas'd,  
 And streiglit a Flaggon of its load was eas'd.  
 He kindly mov'd 'em then to take a partick'le  
 Of what remain'd, and of a fair desert ;  
 The Table clear, out burst his inward pain.  
 Dear Friends ( said he ) by whose support I Reign,  
 My

My self your charitable Work I own,  
 Which the proud Chanter thinks to tumble down.  
 At least by interposing in my Rights,  
 To make me useles, and blind up my lights.  
 To him do all Church Officers repair ;  
 At his command the Sexton Rings to Prayer.  
 Chapters are held at his usurping call ;  
 What need of Deans, if Chanters can do all ?  
 But then Tears stopt the current of his talk :  
 His Loving Steward empower'd his Tongue to walk  
 With cheerful Wine, when *Boyrude* bending low  
 With heavy Age, with trembling steps and slow  
 Enter'd the Room. The Church had us'd his pains  
 In four successive Deans illustrious Reigns.  
 None in Church Customs was so skill'd as he ;  
 He was a living true Church History.  
 His knowledge rais'd him from a Sexton poor,  
 To the high Trust of all Church Garniture,  
 Great Office ! Robes are often half the Dean,  
 This Rules those Robes, ordains 'em to be clean.  
 One in this Office half a Dean Ordains,  
 O're half a Dean as Dean he proudly Reigns.  
 He has in part an Arch-prelatique Power ;  
 He's of one Colledge parcel Visitour.  
 At first approach the Reverend Sage, espies  
 The Deans demolish't Pride and groveling Eyes.

Guesſing

Guessing the cause he smiling towards him mov'd,  
 And Father-like his Childis<sup>t</sup> grief reprovd.  
 For shame ( said he ) let the poor Chanter weep,  
 Your Rights and Empire study you to keep.  
 — Hark to the Counsel Heaven does now inspire ;  
 Where the proud Chanter ever looks the Quire  
 With frowning arrogance, some Ages past  
 The Church was shaded with an Engine vast,  
 Desk, Throne, or Pulpit, call it what you please :  
 At once it serv'd Devotion, Pomp and Ease.  
 There Thron'd in Glory, I have seen a Dean,  
 In Vestments Rich, on Velvet Cushions lean.  
 Prayer-books Embost with Gold before him shone,  
 Which drew all Eyes upon 'em but his own.  
 A Worm stol'n from a Grave the Charter ferm'd,  
 just visible enough to be condemn'd  
 Time, Fate or Fiends, malicious Men, or all,  
 ( For they're all Foes to good ) conspir'd its fall.  
 Malicious Men we think by secret Art,  
 Gave it a Sickness in some Noble part,  
 That never visited nor minded well,  
 One Morn it yawn'd, and down to Ruin fell.  
 And to its worth the ungrateful Quire unjust,  
 Laid it in dark forgetfulness and dust.  
 What honour'd once the Quire, has now forlorn,  
 Lain thirty Winters languishing in scorn.

Three of us, fit for such a great Affair,  
 Will Perewig'd in Nights dishevel'd Hair,  
 Steak to the Pulpit, in its mournful Room,  
 And gloriously Reward its Martyrdom.  
 If once to murmur the proud Chanter dare,  
 The Wretch with Forty Biting Actions tear.  
 Since not in Learning be in Law Renown'd.  
 Shew a Church-Spirit, the whole Church confound,  
 Ere quit a Title of your sacred Right ;  
 Let Laymen pray, Prelates are known by Might.  
 Your Divine dazzling Right dart at your Foe ;  
 Then to the Church in all Church-splendor go ;  
 And there Brow-beat th' Usurper to the ground ;  
 Then to out-brave him dispense Blessings round.  
 To blast his Pride, and shew your self Supream,  
 Bless all the Congregation, nay bless him.  
 The Counsel seem'd to admiration wise ;  
 The Dean in Ravishments, With listed Eyes,  
 Heav'n's Inspiration most devoutly blest ;  
 But straight a new Reflection struck his Breast.  
 I now have in the Quire, a Seat, ( said he )  
 Cloath'd with Rich Cushions Crown'd with Canopy,  
 On what pretence can I Erect this Throne ?  
 Boyrude reply'd, a most Religious one,  
 Sermons to hear. Th' Assembly trembled all  
 With horrour at the sound Fanatical.

The Prelate hotly fir'd profanely swore ;  
 And almost call'd for an Inquisitor,  
 Dar'st thou ( said he ) Name Sermons in my Ear ?  
 I'le be no Dean e're buy the place so dear.  
 I'le rather Combat with wild Beasts like *Paul*,  
 Or like *Isaiah* be Sawed once for all,  
 Than weekly be with Tort'ring Sermons Sawed;  
 Postpone my Meals, and be with Fasting gnawed ;  
 Nay more my self into the ToyL they'l fetch,  
 And I my self shall be oblig'd to preach.  
 Make potent Prelates preach ? The Sage replies ;  
 Pray by what Rule ? You are not Tongues, but Eyes.  
 Our Eyes guide all our Limbs yet keep their Ease ;  
 Labour becomes not highest Dignities.  
 Sect'ries like Jews with wandrings are perplext,  
 Doom'd all their Lives to rove from Text to Text,  
 Die in that Wilderness, and ne're posses  
*Romes* Blessed Holy Land of Laziness ;  
 A Land that flows with Honey, Milk and Gains,  
 At Heav'n's sole cost, and not the Owners pains.  
 Of this y'ave more than a dim *Pisgab* sight ;  
 And Ease is your inviolable Right.  
 Make Canons preach ; and while the work is done,  
 Let your austere grave presence lash'em on.  
 By their dull Saws no doubt you will be pain'd,  
 But you'l with sweet Revenge be Entertain'd.

They've

They've uncanonical Rebellious Tongues,  
 And from 'em you've receiv'd a thousand wrongs.  
 Like Jades in Water-works, Sir, make 'em swear,  
 Till from 'em penitential drops you get.  
 Then you'll soon have Revenge and Rev'rence both ;  
 Soon at your Feet they'll fall to compass sloth.  
 Into a loud Applause th' Assembly broke,  
 And thought Man never with more Wisdom spoke.  
 All start, of Fame to have the greatest share,  
 But the wise Dean reduc'd 'em as they were.  
 All things in Church by Order must be done,  
 ( Said he ) that rears and fixes every Throne.  
 None shall approach this Work, but those whom Fate  
 Shall by a Lot Ordain and Consecrate.  
 Thirty selected Names are writ with haste,  
 And in the bottoms of a Bonnet cast.  
 Fairly to draw the Billets, they employ  
 Rosie-cheek'd *Will* that pretty Singing boy ;  
 His Head new poll'd, his Face and Linnen clean,  
 Though no Saints day, for much he pleas'd the Dean.  
 The Prelate all partiality disclaims ;  
 Having thrice blest, as often shakes the Names.  
*Will* draws, and *Trole* is the first Name that comes :  
 Birds promis'd good, which freely peck'd their Crums ;  
 Sure no ill Augury could now be Read,  
 This Red-beak'd Bird from Liquor never fled.

A pleasing murmur in the Throng was rais'd,  
 And Fortunes choice by every one was prais'd.  
*Will* to his Office does again Repair ;  
 And draws a Name, most fatal to the Fair,  
 Of a young Singing-man whose Charms ('tis said)  
 Had been the Death of many a Chamber-maid.  
 Nay, his keen mounting Darts reach'd lofty Game,  
 Threatned high Ranks with loss of Life or Fame.  
 Whatever Beauty ogled him was lost,  
 Transform'd into a Strumpet or a Ghost.  
 Yet to the dangerous Snare they ventur'd all :  
 His Silver Pipe was a true Lady-call,  
 Which both Church-pews and Playhouse-boxes cram'd,  
 Entic'd the Fair both to be Sav'd and Dama'd.  
 But Oh ! That Lady gain'd the height of Bliss,  
 Whom he in private taught to Sing and Kiss.  
 Long the soft Sex did for the Youth contend ;  
 Some took their Eyes, some Money for their Friend.  
 Some had him all, and some had modest shares,  
 Some clear'd their Tones, some gave a crack to theirs.  
 To him his Fortune gave a second choice,  
 And now they go to ask Fates last Advice.  
 Their Names and panting Hearts are lost again.  
 Each fearing Fate his Person should disdain.  
 Honest old *Verger* ! What sincere delight  
 Shook thy dry Corps, when thy Name rose in sight ?  
Thy

Thy Yellow Cheeks turn'd Red, and with a shout  
 Thou backwards gav'st a spring in spite of Gout.  
 Now Loyal true Church Hearts, who for Churh weal  
 Had an unquenchable Religious Zeal,  
 Much prais'd Fate's choice of Men for Church Affairs,  
 And wish'd all Realms as able Ministers ;  
 All Kings as deep in sight, as Fate had shewn  
 In chusing Men, to serve the Church and Throne.  
 On the design now all prepare to go ;  
 And in a murmuring Stream, away they flow  
 To the Deans Celler, where they rent the Arch  
 With Drunken Songs, and sounded oft a March.  
 The Prelate calm'd, resum'd his lost Repose,  
 And now till Supper, laid him down to Dose.

### Canto the Third.

**N**OW Night was in the middle of her Reign,  
 Great was her Pomp, and spacious was her Train.  
 From her large Throne of Jet she saw the proud  
 High Towers of *Paris* scorn an humble Cloud.  
 Ravens, and all the Prophets o' the Air  
 Nightly to Dormitories near repair.  
 Amongst the rest for twenty Winters foul,  
 In a dark Cave, a Sibyl call'd an Owl  
 Secur'd her self from day's oppressing light;  
 And fled abroad to prophesie at Night.

Of great disasters she has early sense,  
 Is an Impartial true Intelligence.  
 All Sects believe her though she joins with none ;  
 The Schismatick flyes all Communion.  
 Night for her healing touch Nature Enthrones,  
 She often cures both crazy Minds and Bones.  
 Kings fallen with Care below even common Men,  
 She Re-anoints, and makes 'em Kings again.  
 Day wears, but Night repairs, nay makes Mankind,  
 The only Labour to her Reign assign'd.  
 Therefore this Ethiope with day divides  
 The Rule of Time ; half through her Empire slides.  
 Angry to see her Reign profan'd with toyl,  
 She posted to suppress the noisy broyl,  
 And the bold Authors ; for the great Affair,  
 She chose this Owl her premier Minister,  
 And call'd her out ; her Black Queens Voice she knew,  
 To her Retinue joyfully she flew.  
 Both swiftly through th' *August* Cathedral past,  
 And found the Prison of the Engine vast.  
 It lay neglected in a Desert Room ;  
 Night plac'd her Bird deep in its dusty Womb.  
 Now *Trole* and *Minnum* two great Chiefs Elect,  
 Left the Deans Vault, and the slow *Verger* check'd.  
 He was as Vigorous as they in Mind,  
 But Age and Gout detain'd him far behind.  
 Besides

Besides th' old Tortoise carried on his Back  
 Of Necessary Tools a boisterous pack,  
 As Hammer, Chisels, Mallet, Saw, and Nails,  
 Under whose weight his wasted Vigour fails.

The Warriours force through Nights affrightful shade,  
 The high proud *Zome* then Valiantly invade.  
 First they ascend to the magnifique Porch,  
 Which stor'd the Valued Learning of the Church.  
 The *Verger* stop'd the Troop, whilst with the dint  
 Of Steel, he cut the Veins of Stubborn Flint,  
 And forc'd from thence a Spark, the Infant bright  
 As soon as Born begot another light,  
 Which proves to them a kind of Midnight Sun,  
 By whose direction boldly they go on.  
 Th' unfolding Gates upon the Troop let loose  
 Detested Shades, like Floods through opening Sluce.  
 Like a bold Caravan the Stream they stem,  
 The Horrors and the Solitude contemn,  
 So on in Wilds where never was a Road,  
 And reach at length the Pulpits dark abode,  
 Their Wonders on the fallen Machine they Feast,  
 Like Birds upon the Carcase of a Beast.  
 How now ( said *Minimus* ), come we here to gaze  
 And then ambitious to engross the praise  
 With a stiff threatening Arm, and bending back,  
 He singly made a desperate Attaque.

Ere

Ere half his force the Engine had receiv'd,  
 ( Astonishing ! and not to be believ'd,) also  
 A horrid Voice out of the Pulpit flew,  
 Th' old Verger from his Back his Burden threw ;  
 The Fire out of Treas flaming Visage stray'd,  
 Only in his Nose, as in a Socket play'd.  
 Pale Minnum like a Lilly hung his Head ;  
 With his lost Mistress wish'd himself Bediz'd.  
 But fearing shame he put false Courage on,  
 Seem'd bolder now ; more danger might be won.  
 The frightful dangerous Engine shook once more,  
 With greater Resolution than before,  
 The angry Owl once more depry'd of Ease,  
 Rushes abroad with louder Menaces,  
 Scatt'ring a Storm of Wind and Dust about,  
 Which put their Candles and their Courage out.  
 Their trembling Knees cou'd not their Bodies bear,  
 Their Nerves were weaker than their Staring Hair.  
 In wild confusion they flunk all away,  
 Like Truants by their Whistler catch'd at Play.  
 Discord rag'd at their foil, and in despight  
 Of their base fear will force 'em to the Fight.  
 In Boyrader wither'd Figure she appears  
 Aged, but worn with wrangling more than years ;  
 Wrinkled, but Malice half the Cyphers made,  
 And claim to half his wasted Visage laid.

Her

Her bending Trunk she with a Staff supports,  
 And hails to find her Warriours dark reorts.  
 With broken voice, and hoarse with frequent brawl  
 She cries, where are you fled you Cowards all ?  
 Think you because your odious Head you hide,  
 Your Infamy more odious is not spied.  
 Come out and shew the reason of your fear ;  
 Stung with reproof, with boldness they appear,  
 Proud of th' Encounter, and prepar'd to boast,  
 For all of 'em believ'd the Owl a Ghost.  
*Minnum* was fix'd in the Opinion strong ;  
 His Charms had kill'd a Sempstress fair and young,  
 Her Heart was cruh'd between his Voice and Face,  
 The Kingdom had not such a dangerous place.  
 His Fault had fix'd her in the fatal Spare :  
 She often came to gaze on him at Prayer,  
 And when his Eye was from the Book releas'd,  
 He glances shot which pierc'd her tender Breast.  
 At length, Alas ! she perisht in the fray,  
 Her ruin therefore heavy on him lay.  
 What shape cou'd more exactly fit her Soul,  
 Than that of an unlovely basful Owl,  
 Whom the wing'd Chanters drive out of their sight,  
 And make her live in melancholly Night.  
 With these Conceits they swelling came, and cram'd ;  
*Minnum* for th' Owl a doleful Speech had fram'd.  
 Said he, we saw a Ghoſt or Goblin Poul,  
 Goblin, replyed the Goddess, a poor Owl,  
 Drives you from Glory by base childiſh fears.  
 The Owl has been my Neighbour thirty years, Near

Near my own Houle the every Evening makes  
 And sends abroad her Nightly Almanacks.  
 Fear you a foolish timerous Owls grimace ?  
 How durst y' Encounter then a Judges Face ?  
 Board Lawyers without Fees, as I have done,  
 And to my self Immortal Glory won.  
 Judges from me cou'd not protect the Bar,  
 Where spite of 'em my Deeds recorded are.  
 Oh ! Sirs the Church produc'd brave Spirits then,  
 A Sexton was as surly as a Dean;  
 Bore wrongs as proudly, and forgave as few,  
 The least of us wou'd a whole Chapter sue.  
 But the old World grows Barren by degrees,  
 And breeds no more such Gallant Souls as these.  
 However imitate their Vertues great,  
 Let not an Owl compel you to retreat.  
 Think what dishonour on your selves you throw,  
 How insolent you'll make the Chanter grow.  
 From Texts he cannot borrow such control,  
 As from the shameful Story o' the Owl.  
 The thought o' th' Owl will ride you Night and Day,  
 Dis-spirit you though you be ne're so gay ;  
 Untune your Voices, when you sing your best,  
 Ruffle your Plumes when you are neatly drest,  
 Your Surplices, Wigs, Cravats, set with care ;  
 The Women will regard you less than Prayer ;  
 The Pews will be neglected by degrees,  
 And the old Verger lose his Sunday Fees.  
 I hear a murmur say, your Spirits rise,  
 And I see Noble Fury in your Eyes.

Away to Honour, gather Lawrels fast,  
 With present Bravery, hide Dishonour past.  
 This said, the Warlike Goddess took her flight,  
 And mounting streak'd the Air with tracks of Light,  
 Which fir'd our Champions Hearts. The Howlard fled,  
 A generous contempt succeeded dread.  
 Th' Affront receiv'd from the vile fawcy Foe,  
 On th' Engine was reveng'd by many a blow.  
 In mournful Tones the pitying Organ moan'd,  
 And all the Sympathizing Temple groan'd.  
 Ah! when this spacious wooden Horse was rear'd,  
 If thou, Oh! Chanter ! hadst the Treason heard,  
 Thou in defence of Ecclesiastick pride,  
 Like a fierce Church Apostle, wou'dst have died ;  
 Rather great Martyr been, than Chanter small,  
 And in Red Letters shine ere not at all.  
 But sleep thou feedst does with thy Foes combine,  
 And hug thee whilst they compass their design.  
 For now a lofty Ecclesiastick Throne  
 Buries thy Bench, where thou so long hast shone.

### Canto the Fourth.

THE Clocks do now begin their Morning brawl,  
 And drowsy Chanters to their Mattins call.  
 Their Chief was troubled with a frightful Dream,  
 Which made him sweat, and waken with a scream.  
 His trembling Valets on his second cries,  
 Forsake their warm enticing Down, and rise.  
 But wakeful Geros reach'd his Master first,  
 An humble Valet, but a Verger curst.

He kept the Quire on the sinister side,  
 He crouch'd at home, but there he shew'd his pride.  
 Mean were his common Customers for Pnes,  
 So in their humble Bows he took his Dues.  
 Said he, what Humour drives your Rest away,  
 Will you to Church when it is scarcely day ?  
 Sleep on, your Busines is to take your Ease,  
 Let vulgar Chanters Earn their Salaries.  
 Friend, said the Chanter, trembling, faint and pale,  
 Your Mirth wou'd die, if you knew what I ail.  
 Insult not o're me, but prepare to hear  
 Th' amazing cause of my surprizing fear,  
 When sleep had twice upon my Eyes bestow'd  
 Of drowsy Poppies, a fresh gather'd load ;  
 I dreamt I fill'd my lofty Seat in Prayer,  
 Triumphing o're the minor Chanters there,  
 Absolving, Chanting, taking Humble bows,  
 Giving the Blessing ; all with frowning Brows :  
 When a great Dragon, with Jaws dreadful wide  
 Souz'd on my Bench, and swallow'd all my Pride.  
 Then Rage Tongue-tyed him ; *Gerot* laughing loud,  
 Said Dreams were fumes from ill-concocted Food ;  
 Cooks with ill-sawce, cou'd every Night bestow  
 On childish Fancies, such a Poppet-show.  
 The sad old Man cou'd ne're with mirth agree  
 But now abhorr'd his ill-tim'd Raillery ;  
 Forbad him speaking, and from Bed he flings.  
*Gerot* to calm him his Rich Habit brings ;  
 Which very little cou'd his mind sustain,  
 For if his Desk be hid, all those were vain.

But

But yet their offer'd Grace he will not slight ;  
 He rush'd into his Gown, and Surplice white.  
 But above all he will not leave behind,  
 His spacious Scarlet Hood, with Tabby lin'd.  
 His haughty heart wou'd break, if he shou'd lack  
 That proof of Learning, to adorn his Back.  
 With his best Bonnet then he grac'd his Brow,  
 Sole mark of Learning his white Head cou'd. shew.  
 His purple Gloves he never fail'd to wear,  
 When he wou'd honour much himself and Prayer.  
 And marching now in Battle to engage,  
 Omitted no Illustrious Equipage. ~  
 Then much beyond the weakness of his years  
 Push'd on, and earliest in the Quire appears.  
 But Oh ! what spite and fury fir'd his Blood,  
 When on his Bench he saw the Pulpit stood ?  
 Oh ! *Gerot* see ! said he, the Dragon see,  
 Which broke my sleep, and now will swallow me.  
 Oh ! faithful Dream, thou too much truth hast shown ;  
 The Dean is an Ingenious Tyrant grown ;  
 By this Machine, does wittily contrive,  
 To send me to Infernal Shades alive.  
 Nothing but God will ever see me here ;  
 Dark shadows will expunge my Character.  
 Ere such a horrible affront I'll bear,  
 I'll quit my Office, and the Church forswear ;  
 I'll give my vain superfluous Chantings o're,  
 And tyre the Ears of God and Man no more.  
 I'll never toy'l that Deans may Glory win,  
 Nor see that Quire where I shall ne're be seen.

'Tis time enough to go to Shades when dead,  
 I'll now have Light : Then his old Arms he spread  
 With fury strong, and shook the wondrous frame,  
 When th' Organist and the Clock-mender came,  
 His faithful Friends. The Vision struck 'em wan,  
 With trembling hands they held th' old vent'rous Man ;  
 Said they, the work's too weighty for us all ;  
 By a full Chapter let the Monster fall.  
 In open day ; 'twill your great party shew,  
 Strengthen your self, and terrifie the Foe.  
 Right, said the Chanter ; go, by noise or force,  
 The sleeping Canons from their Beds divorce.  
 The Champions trembled when beyond their thought  
 Their Counsel on themselves such danger brought.  
 Oh ! moderate your anger, Sir, said they,  
 Awaken Rich Fat Canons before day ?  
 Men doubly Buried both in Flesh and Down ?  
 Th' Attempt is rare, the Deed was never known,  
 Starv'd Monks a Larum in their Bosoms keep  
 Hunger ; a watchful Enemy to sleep.  
 Their thin worn Wheels are soon in motion set,  
 But who can stir a Canon mir'd in Fat ?  
 Deceitful Cowards th' old testy Man, reply'd,  
 Your terrour of the Dean you fain wou'd hide.  
 A hundred times, I've seen you crouching stand  
 With servile Necks, beneath his Blessing Hand.  
 The work, good *Gerot*, shall by us be done,  
 Our Friends for once shall shame the loyt'ring Sun.  
 Cunning old *Gerot* knew the Canons well  
 Spir'd his worn Lungs, rung the great Master Bell ;  
Which

Which like the heavy Dean but serv'd for State,  
 And almost broke the Church with needless weight.  
 Th' unchristned Bell, with Sacrilegious roar,  
 From his strong Camp the God of slumbers tore ;  
 Broke open all the Holy Canons Eyes ;  
 And made the Devil of noise and tumult rise.  
 Some believ'd Thunder broke into the Room, —  
 Others half fear'd it was the Day of Doom.  
 Some Priests less scar'd, thought 'twas a dying knell,  
 Some keenly hungry hop'd 'twas Pancake-bell.  
 The sound with different fence fill'd every head,  
 Like a dark Text wondrous confusion bred.  
 So when to batter down a hundred Walls,  
 The thund'ring *Lewis* leaves the fair *Versailles*  
 To the young Spring, not valuing her delights,  
 And with spread Banners all the World affrights ;  
 Danow to th' *Euxin* hasteth his March to shun,  
 Swift Rhy~~m~~ great commotion huries on.  
 Brussel's for rending Bombs looks every hour,  
 And Sodom-like to feel a fiery Shower.  
 Rich skirted *Tagus* creeps far under ground,  
 And hides much Treasure there in Vaults profound.  
 Amphibious *Holland* plunges deep in Waves,  
 Buries it self alive in watry Graves.  
 So under Blankets the Priests duckt their Heads,  
 Sought a warm easie Burial in their Beds.  
 Vexatious *Gerot* knew their temper well,  
 With potent words he feconded the Bell.  
 Ho ! Breakfast waits the cunning *Verger* cries,  
 At that Angelick Summons they arise,

In Expectations of Divine Delights :  
 All look their Cloaths, but noné their Appetites.  
 For they were ready ere their Gowns were on :  
 Headlong unrest to the great Hall they run,  
 But 'stead of Breakfast met a mournful Tale,  
 Told by the Chanter, with great fury pale ;  
 Who as a Pestilence were in his Breath,  
 Struck mighty Hunger with a sudden Death.  
*Everard* painful abstinence abhor'd,  
 And bad the *Verger* cover straight the Board.  
 To that once savoury motion no Man spoke,  
 At length Learn'd *Allen* the deep silence broke.  
 He only of all the Priests our Church obey'd,  
 Had not his Latin smother'd and o'relay'd.  
 Others by wealth to dulnes did advance,  
 And with the Churches Coin bought Ignorance.  
 But he had wander'd from that practis'd Rule,  
 And was as Learn'd as when he came from Schoo  
 His *Roman* Tongue there gave him mighty Power.  
 There he was almost *Roman* Emperour.  
 None in his presence durst lay claim to Parts,  
 For if they did his Latin stab'd their Hearts.  
 This Tyrant yet was their Defence and Grace ;  
 Latin was such a terrour to the place,  
 All other Canons fled at first Alarms,  
 Of men approaching with such dreadful Arms.  
 But Noble *Allen* scorn'd his Head to hide,  
 And sturdy shucks of Latin durst abide.  
 Most Learnedly Equip'd, th' accomplisht Man  
 Having first cough'd, his wife Harangue began.

Some

Some Huguenots our curst Eternal Foes,  
 Planted this here, to batter our repose.  
 In some Church History they have read, I fear,  
 Canons once preach'd, and Deans sat here to hear.  
 I range in Volumes not to poach for Art,  
 But to meet Latin which delights my Heart.  
 Let us all study with what speed we may,  
 And shew our selves as deeply Learn'd as they.  
 About this Pulpit then, let's quickly sound,  
 All Learned Men in these great things profound.  
 Th' unlook'd for Counsel all the Assembly scar'd,  
 But made an Earthquake in Fat *Everard* ;  
 Who shaking with astonishment and rage,  
 How I (said he) turn School-boy in my Age ?  
 Do thou look pale, and wither o're a Book.  
 I ne're so much as on the Bible look.  
 I only Study when our Rents are due,  
 When Leaves fall, and Tenants shou'd renew.  
 Books I abhor, they fill the Church with Schisms ;  
 Much mischief we have had from Syllogisms.  
 If to Religion you wou'd Converts make,  
 Burn Books and Men say I, and use a Stake.  
 I will not vex my Head, my Arm alone,  
 Shall without Latin throw this Pulpit down.  
 I care not what Heretique Rascals say ;  
 What troubles me I'll throw out o' my way.  
 So let's prepare for the Renown'd design,  
 And when accomplish'd, plentifully Dine.  
 No sooner the word Dinner past their Ears,  
 Than up their Stomachs rose, down fell their fears.

But

But than the Chanter none more bold and great,  
 Said he, this Tub too long has made us sweat.  
 Do Deans fear Dust, they must be cas'd like Clocks?  
 Wou'd they like Centuries awe us from a Box?  
 In our Church Pillar is some rotteness spread,  
 To hide himself he wou'd be Wainscotted?  
 My Vengeance on this Foppery I'll throw,  
 And an Hours Fasting on the work before.  
 This done at once we'll break our Fast, and Dine,  
 And two fair Meals with both their portions join.  
 By this inspir'd, the haughty Champions go  
 With an audacious Zeal to charge the Fo.  
 The Walls vain aid to the poor Engine lent,  
 The Nails in vain their Iron Fingers bent,  
 The Champions vanquisht all resistance found.  
 The batter'd Engine fell with many a Wound.  
 Antichrist never had such dreadful blows,  
 From mighty Priests who were his bitter Foes,  
 For as this Pulpit was, he's wondrous high,  
 A great Usurper of Church Vanity.  
 Therefore have many rail'd at him aloud,  
 He will let no Man but himself be proud.  
 Now the Dean's State of late so high and great,  
 Once more is in a Sea of Darkness set.

*27.212*

FINIS.